THE CHILD'S PAPER

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

VOL. 14. JANUARY, 1865. NO. 1.

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For The Child's Paper.

WINTER.

The farmer has a large family to provide for, out of doors as well as in—cows, sheep, oxen, horses, hens. In summer they can cut their own fodder. The cows go to pasture in the morning, and spend the day eating grass or lying down to rest under the trees; the sheep and lambs are turned out on the hillsides, and there browse and frisk all the warm weather. But in winter it is quite different. All then come to the farmer for shelter and protection, and look to him for their daily food.

It is a cold, blustering morning; the air is full of snow. Snow, snow is everywhere. "Come, Jerry," called the farmer to his man, snug in his bed under the eaves, "it is time to get up." "Not quite yet," said Jerry, "it storms so." "Come, Jerry." Jerry got up, and crawled down stairs half dressed to the fire to warm himself. "Let us go and look after the cattle, Jerry," said the farmer. "It is so cold," drawled Jerry. "More's the reason for our stirring," said the farmer briskly. "Come, Jerry." The sheep and cattle were very glad to see their kind master. They were both thirsty and hungry. He took them to the haystack. In England hay is often kept in the open air in this way, instead of being put into barns. You see haystacks on the great salt meadows, and on large farms where the crop is more than the barns will hold. You see them in new countries, before the farmers have time to build barns. The hay is piled round a pole set up in the ground, which prevents its being swept away by the wind. One cow is helping herself, while the farmer has gone to fetch some sweet cornstalks, which the other cow likes best. "My hands are freezing," said Jerry. He has got a pitchfork, and has shuffled through the snow so far. "Pitch off some hay," cried the farmer; "there is nothing warms up soul and body like work." I am afraid if the poor animals had to wait Jerry's time, they would come short.

The little snowbirds too are hopping round after their breakfast. The farmer knows there are berries on the alders and gum on the larch-tree, which God provides for them; but on cold mornings he loves to have them come, and in their pretty way ask him for more; so he scatters kernels for their breakfast.

In Hoglie, a village in Turkey, where the missionaries have a Christian chapel and school, the boys of the school meet every Saturday by themselves to pray and sing, and read from some book which will point out to them the path of duty.

The next day they go by two and two to the houses of those people who never come to the chapel, and ask leave to read a chapter from the New Testament. Nobody refuses; and as they are children, they are heard when older persons would not be. Indeed the people are pleased and interested to hear them. One bad man was pricked in his conscience by hearing one of the smallest boys talk to a couple of wicked boys in the street about some mischief they had done. He told them God saw them, and was angry and would punish them. The man himself was alarmed at what the little boy said, and went at once to buy a Bible to find out what sort of a person God wanted him to be.

Cannot our dear boys do some work like this for Christ? You need not wait to grow up to be a missionary away off, when there are those in your very neighborhood to whom you may go and read your little Bible to them.

A HAPPY NEW-YEAR

To our friends far and near. We begin the new year with new encouragements, hopes, and demands upon us. Let us have our work well laid out, and let our friends afford us every facility in their power to push it forward.

A poor woman came in the other day. "I don't know," she said, "how I can do better with this dollar than send it to the Tract Society to distribute Child's Papers to children who can't afford to take them. One thing I know, that little paper is a blessing to my children; and what has blessed my children will bless other folks' children."

And the best proof of having received real good ourselves is this wish to extend that good to others. It is a true specimen of the Christian temper, not selfish, but essentially benevolent; thinking, caring, acting for others.

We thank this poor woman for her loving gift. It is by such little streams, flowing in from a thousand and a thousand sources, that the great current of our benevolent operations is carried on. May all who love our work prove their love by renewing and increasing the subscriptions. How would it cheer us in our work. We shall be thankful to receive all our regular subscriptions at the earliest date. Help us, dear children; help us, dear friends; and may we begin the new year in a way to make it happy to the end. See terms, last page.

For The Child's Paper.

CLARA'S JOURNAL.

"Mamma, will you give me a book in which I may write what I do and what I think, the same as papa does?"

"Then you wish to keep a journal," said mamma.

"Yes, and I will let you read it every night."

The book was given, and this is what Clara wrote:

"Sunday morning. I must be very good to-day, for this is the Lord's day.

"Sunday noon. I went to Sabbath-school, and knew my lesson. The teacher gave me a nice story-book to read. Papa preached in church. I found the text in my own little Bible, learned it, and have just said it to mamma. I have been very good.

"Sunday night. Here I am, sent to my room for being a naughty girl. I was just ready to read my Sunday-school book when I saw Lizzie biting one corner of it in her mouth. I ran to her, and said, 'Give me my book.' She would not let go, but held on it with both her hands. I was angry, and jerked it away so rudely, that it made Lizzie fall backwards on the floor, and hurt her head badly. Mamma said, 'Lizzie is your baby sister. She did not know she could not have the book. You should have coaxed her to give it up; besides, you were careless to leave it on a chair in her way.' I said the book was mine, and I had a right to take it just as I pleased.

"I shall have to stay here until mamma comes. I cannot read the book to-day. I am more sorry though to think I should have let myself get angry, and hurt dear little Lizzie, and speak in such a wrong way to mamma.

"How wicked I have been. Will God forgive me? I will ask him. I wish mamma would come. I want to have her forgive me, and let me kiss her and Lizzie. I will try to be good. I thought this noon that I was. I did not know that I should have to write to-night that I had been so wicked. I will tear this leaf out, and then I shall forget about it, and nobody will know how wicked I have been.

"Mamma has just been here. She asked to see my journal. How ashamed I felt while she was reading. I begged her to forgive me. She did, and I hope that God has also.

"'Clara,' she said, 'you thought if this leaf were destroyed, and I forgave you, you would never hear of this again. Did you forget that God is keeping a 'Book of Remembrance,' in which every act, and even every thought, is written? At the judgment-day this book will be opened, and then all the world will hear how we have lived. We may forget, yet God never does. Still, if we are sorry and try to do better, he will forgive us for Jesus' sake.'

"I shall never again think that I am good. I will pray to God to help me, and I will try to be better, so that I may have a good account to write in my journal, and that there may be fewer sins against me in God's book."

Will not all follow Clara's example in trying to live a more holy life?

For The Child's Paper.

What did a little boy find one day in the garden? He found his own name growing. Some seeds had sprung up, not in rows, like beets and carrots; not in hills, like corn and potatoes; not all over, like wheat and rye; but they sprung up so as to spell J A M E S, and that was the little boy's own name. Of course he was very much surprised and puzzled. "Who *did* plant this so?" he cried.

"What makes you think anybody did?" asked his uncle. "It might have come by chance." James shook his head. "I know some *person* had a hand in this," he said. "Perhaps it came up itself," said his uncle. "No, uncle," cried the little boy, "it never came up itself so. Somebody *meant* it, you see." "The work certainly shows marks of a plan," said his uncle; "and a plan must have had a planner." "Yes, uncle," said he, "somebody that *knew* did it."

The little fellow was right in his conclusions. If we find a piece of work put together for some purpose, we know that an intelligent mind did it. And it was indeed James' uncle who planted his name there; and he did it, I suppose, to show that every piece of work is proof that it had a maker, and there can be no such thing as chance about it, and so to lead the little boy to find God everywhere.

If we see in the garden leaves growing, buds opening with beautiful flowers, curious little vessels forming to hold the seeds, and fruits ripening, who is in the garden making these leaves and flowers and fruits grow so curiously? Somebody.

If we go into the fields, we see hundreds of singing birds and humming bees and butterflies on the wing, and worms creeping. They have wings and curious feet; some to walk, some to climb, some to creep. Did the birds and butterflies come by chance? Could a bird's wings grow so themselves? Did squirrel make its own sharp teeth to gnaw its nuts with, or its cunning little paws to hold them? No, indeed. GOD made them. He planned all their parts, and put them together with so much wisdom and skill and goodness.

"*Is God like a man?*" No; a man can be in only one place at a time; but God is everywhere. We know about him by what he does, and we know he is everywhere, because we find everywhere something he is doing. He is in the skies overhead; and if we dive into the depths of the sea, we find millions of fish and beautiful shells and corals. God is there also, forming things and keeping them alive. "*Perhaps God is like the sun.*" No; the sun *shines* everywhere, but it stays a large round globe in the sky; while God is everywhere *himself*, in us and around us, noticing every thing we do or say. God is in your heart, my child, making you happy when you do right. It is God also in your heart which makes you feel dissatisfied and unhappy when you do wrong. H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

ESTHER AND THE SWING.

"Esther gave me the biggest half of her cake yesterday," said one little schoolmate of another. "Is she not generous?"

"Yes," said Esther, "I did not want it; it made me sick."

"And did n't Esther give my dolly a bonnet?" cried another of the little girls?

All this pleased Esther. She liked to be called generous; as who does not?

"Mother," Esther said when she got home, "the girls call me generous; and I am, am I not, mother?" "What makes them say so?" asked her mother.

"Oh, because I *give* them things," said the little girl. "I gave Anne Barber my dolly's old bonnet, for my dolly had a new one, and she was *so pleased*," said Esther.

Is giving away things which are of no use to us proof of a generous disposition? Let us see. Esther waited to hear what her mother had to say; but mother said nothing, and pretty soon she ran into the garden. Robbie was home from school, and both aimed for the swing.

"First you swing me, then I will swing you," said Esther. Robbie was an obliging little fellow, and he swung his sister, and swung her a long time, until his arms ached.

"Ar' n't you going to let me take my turn, Esther?" he asked at last; that is no more than fair." "Let go the rope, Robbie," said Esther. He did, and the rope moved slower and slower, until it nearly stopped. But Esther had no thought of giving up her seat. Presently she began swinging again. "Oh," cried Robbie, "that is not fair, sister. Do let me take my turn, please." She took no notice of him, but kept the swing as if he were not there. "Come," he cried, catching the rope, "do let me jump in." "Get out!" said Esther, kicking him off with her foot. "Oh," he cried, "you hurt me, Esther." But she did not seem to care. Was that generous? Was it not ungenerous, and also very *unjust?*

Mother saw all this from the window, and I fancy she thought so too, for soon she joined the children. "My dear little girl," she said, taking Esther by the hand, "it is very easy to give away what is of no value to you. A person may do that and be extremely selfish. The hardest and the best of all giving is *giving up;* and no person deserves to be called generous who cannot give up her *selfish will* to make others happy."

How ashamed Esther felt. How her good opinion of herself vanished away. She wanted to hide herself, and she let go her mother's hand and slipped behind the currant bushes K.

For The Child's Paper.

FORTIFIED BEFOREHAND.

A young soldier was promoted to be a second lieutenant in one of our colored regiments.

"Now let me sign the pledge," he said. Free drinking was too common in officers' quarters, he well knew, and he was determined to fortify himself in every way against temptation.

"Why, you do n't *like* drink," said one of his comrades; "there is no danger of your drinking too much."

"No," answered the young soldier, "I do n't like the taste of liquor, but I am not beyond the reach of a bad custom. I do n't like the taste of liquor, and what is more, I do n't *mean* to like it; so I intend to take my stand as an officer *pledged* against it."

Not finding a temperance society to join, he wrote a pledge of total abstinence, signed his name

to it, and put it in his pocket. "Let this never witness against me, so help me God," he said.

Since a great deal of temptation takes us by surprise, and overcomes our scruples almost before we think, it is an admirable plan to fortify ourselves *beforehand*. Intrenched in a strong position, and trusting in God, Satan may try in vain to find a weak point to attack and take us captive.

For The Child's Paper.

KEEP CLEAR OF HIM.

"Where 's my cap? I can't find my cap. I shall be late to school."

"I've lost my mittens. Who can tell me where my mittens are? Oh, I'm in such a hurry."

"Lend me your slate-pencil. Oh dear, dear, I sha'n't get my sums done."

"I can't sew, my thimble is gone. What shall I do?"

Do you know whose mouth this comes from? I know: it is *Disorder*. A cross, fretful, troublesome creature, as everybody knows who has the least acquaintance with him. He puts some things out of place, loses others, and if you keep his company, you will find him a terrible thief.

"A thief! is Disorder a thief?" Indeed he is; and the worst of it is, he steals the most valuable thing you have, that which you can never get back again, that which a purse of gold cannot buy. He steals your *time*. He snatches it out of your hands, and runs off, wasting it, and there 's no catching him; and I doubt if a constable could do much with him. Every thing depends upon yourself. Keep a sharp look-out, and do not upon any account let him get into your house.

He has been round here. I know a little girl who to-day lost her lessons in consequence of him; and I know of a fine knife he misplaced for a boy. He is very apt to creep into drawers and boxes and baskets, and he makes sad havoc. He is quite ready to attack children, I think; so I would warn them to be on their guard. Be careful constantly. Watch your drawers; put away your books on the right shelf; hang up your caps, hats, and coats. Have a place for every thing, and keep every thing in its place. Take good care, and never let it be said that you cannot keep Disorder out of your house, because I well know it can be done.

On a lovely little island in the middle of the Pacific ocean, a mission chapel has been built. Some people from Illinois, little children as well as grown-up people, sent the little chapel a bell, the first Sabbath bell that was ever heard in those far-off waters.

And what do you think the poor natives call the bell? "The voice of God summoning the people to his bosom."

For The Child's Paper.

ANSWER TO PRAYER.

A missionary not long ago went to Africa. He was sent to Tintina, a small village on the Little Pongas river. The people were in darkness, nor did they want the true Light. All they knew about God and his Son Jesus Christ was from *swearing* white men, and they, you may well think, did not recommend the religion of Jesus. So the missionary did not find willing hearts. One day as he was sitting under his thatch very sad and quite discouraged, a small canoe hove in sight. It stopped not far from his hut, and a young black man jumped ashore. He came to the missionary. "Sir," he said, "I am son of the chief of Fallangia. My father has heard of your coming, and being sick, has sent me to fetch you to him."

Mr. Leocock, for that was the missionary's name, said, "Yes, I will go." At night they reached the chief's house up the river. "Welcome, dear sir, thou servant of the Most High," said the old man, coming out to meet him. Supper presently was brought. The old man seemed much agitated; then he broke forth in a beautiful hymn of praise and thanksgiving to God. The missionary was as surprised as he was glad. "What does this mean?" he thought. "Am I indeed among Christians?"

"When I was a boy," said the old chief, seeing his look, "I was sent to your country to learn something, and there I learned about Christ. I came back to Africa, and fell into ungodly ways. For many years I lived like my heathen neighbors. Then God sent severe sickness on me, and I but just got well. From that time I said, 'I and my house will serve the Lord;' and I earnestly prayed that God would send a missionary to this Ponga country, that I might see one before I died. For *twenty* years that has been my prayer; and you, sir, are now an answer to that twenty years' prayer. Now I know God hears prayer, and that a blessing is come to my house. You are welcome, welcome."

The grateful chief already had thirty children to begin a school with; "and I will divide my house with you," he said, "and will take nothing for it, and if you are sick I will nurse you." Then the missionary knew he had found his work, and that God had sent him there in answer to the cry going up year after year from that poor man's soul. And what a holding-on prayer that was, for a man without a Bible, without the Sabbath, without any Christian neighbor or friend, never hearing a sermon, or hardly knowing whether God did hear prayer or not. Oh, children, you see what sincere prayer is. It is *persevering*. K.

For The Child's Paper.

THE BARREN APPLE-TREE.

Two men came with their axes to cut down a tree in our garden. They looked around, but saw none to spare. "That is it," said the owner, pointing to a noble apple-tree. "You do n't mean to have that cut down," cried one of the men; "why, it is the handsomest tree in the lot. I 'd sooner thought of that," turning to an ugly-looking dwarf pear.

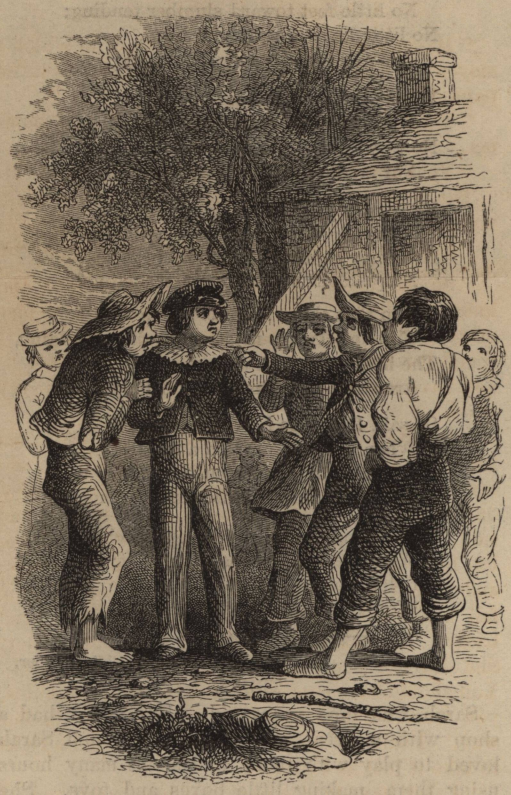
"I set more value on that dwarf pear-tree than any thing in my garden," said the owner; "it yields the finest fruit. As for the apple-tree, it bears nothing but leaves. I have waited and hoped something from it year after year, and can wait no longer. Without fruit, it is worse than useless, for it takes the sun from the strawberry-bed, the light from my kitchen window, and it takes the room of something more profitable; so cut it down."

With that the men took their axes and began hewing the trunk. Did the poor tree know its fate? How proud and secure it looked that morning, with its strong limbs stretched out on every side, and every leaf sparkling with dewdrops; and it made me think of the garden of our Lord, and how the great Master comes to find fruit there. Looks are not enough for him. The proud and the strong find no favor in his sight on account of their strength. Beautiful as we may appear to others' eyes, if that is all, it is, alas, "nothing but leaves."

He says, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit;" and what does that mean, but that a life of usefulness is the only life that will satisfy the Master. You may be crooked and deformed; you may be poor and lowly; you may be despised by the world: all this matters not to him if, like him, you live not to yourself alone, but in such a way as will bless those around you. This is bearing fruit.

Can a little child do that? Oh yes, for a *penitent tear* is fruit he loves. The bended knee and heart-felt prayer, a willing mind, a tender conscience, and little kindnesses—all these are dear to him. Truth and love and fidelity blossoming in each hourly duty are precious in his eyes. And youth is no hinderance to these. You may grow up and be rich, or powerful, or learned; but keep always in mind that nothing deserves the name of success, nothing *is* a success in life, but bearing in your life the good fruits of true piety.

Mark what else our Lord says: "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." There is no spot in all his kingdom for *uselessness*. H. C. K.



For The Child's Paper.

I have seen two little dogs, a black one and a brown one, play together a long while, and never get angry or hurt each other at all. When the brown doggie made-believe bite the black doggie, he would take care not to bite hard enough to hurt him; and then the black one in return would not bite any harder; he would bite easy too. Their play was all good-natured.

But how is it that boys, when they play, strike harder and harder, until they get into a quarrel and are very angry with each other? Even little bears are more gentle and considerate than boys. They never hurt each other at play. Two little cubs will frolic on the grass, and pull each other, bite each other, and throw each other over and over, an hour at a time, and never get angry or do each other mischief; but when two boys begin to play, brothers perhaps, they are apt to throw each other down more and more violently, or one strikes hard and the other harder, until it ends in a quarrel, and a cry, and a great deal of bad feeling.

How is this? Have boys less sense than the poor dumb animals?

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A dreary place would be this earth
  Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
  Were there no children to begin it;

No little forms like buds to grow,
  And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow
  To keep the thrilling love chords tender;

No babe within our arms to leap,
  No little feet toward slumber tending;
No little knee in prayer to bend,
  Our lips the sweet words lending.

What would the ladies do for work,
  Were there no pants nor jackets tearing,
No tiny dresses to embroider,
  Nor cradle for their watchful caring?

No rosy boys at wintry morn,
  With satchel to the school-house hasting;
No merry shouts as home they rush,
  No precious morsel for their tasting?

Far in that clime towards which we reach,
  Through Time's mysterious, dim unfolding,
The little ones with cherub smile
  Are still our Father's face beholding.

So said His voice in whom we trust,
  When in Judea's realm a preacher,
He made a child confront the proud,
  And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song indeed would lose its charm
  Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be
  Were there no little people in it.

For The Child's Paper.

TRUST.

Sarah was nine years old. Her father had a shop with a great many tools in it, and Sarah loved to play with them, and spent many hours using them, making little boxes and toys. She could plane a board very nicely, and drive nails and use a hammer and chisel like a little carpenter.

One day she went to the shop to make a wagon for her doll. She found a little board she wanted, and asked her father if she might have it. So she planed it very smooth, and sawed it into small pieces of such shapes as she wanted, and made a neat little body for her wagon.

Then she went to her father and asked him what sort of wheels she had better have. He told her to go to a barrel up stairs, and get a round stick of mahogany, and saw off some thin pieces, which would make pretty red wheels. So she got it, and ran back and put it in the vice, to hold it while she sawed off her wheels.

There was a yellow earthen dish of something which looked like water near her vice, and she asked her father what it was. "Taste it, and see," he replied. Sarah looked at it. She knew her father had on a shelf over the door bottles of aqua fortis, oil of vitriol, and other bitter burning poisons, and some of them looked like water.

"I would rather you would tell me what it is first," she said, after a little while. "Oh, just taste it," he said again. "Dip the end of your finger in, and touch it to your tongue." Sarah hesitated, for she was afraid it was something bad. "See," said her father, "here is a three-cent piece. I will give you this if you will taste it without knowing what it is; but you may do as you please. I will tell you, if you wish." Sarah waited a minute, and then said, "Please tell me, father." "It is pure fresh water," he said. "Drink some, if you wish." Sarah drank, for she was thirsty, and then went a little soberly back to her play.

When she had finished her wagon, she showed it to her father. He praised it as being pretty and well made, and then said, "Why did n't you taste that water, my little girl?" "Because I was afraid it was something bad," she said, hesitating a little, for she began to see she had done rather foolishly. "But my daughter forgot one thing. Do you not know that your parents love you, and wish to make you happy? Do you think your father would wish your hand and mouth to be smarting and burning with the skin eaten off by some of those strong poisons on the shelf?" "I know you would not, father," she said; and then she burst into tears.

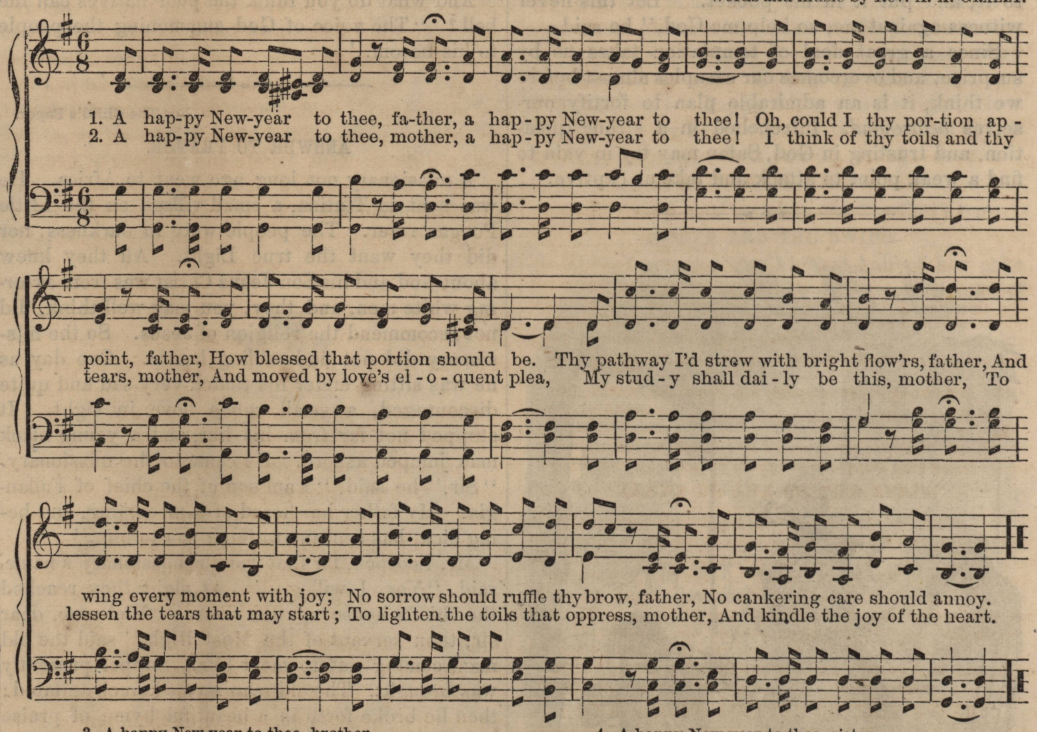
"There, my little girl," he said, "I do not want to make you unhappy. You may safely trust in your father; and if you believe I would not direct you to do any thing that would harm you, much more may you trust your heavenly Father. When God tells you what to do, take him at his word. It will be for your good, and you will be happy in doing it. Now go and show your little wagon to mother and the rest."

Sarah went to the house, and though she was soon merrily playing with her wagon among her brothers and sisters, she never forgot the lesson of trust she had learned. S.

A young man came to a missionary in Turkey, and bought a Tract Primer. He had opened his heart to Jesus, and now he wanted above all things to learn to read about him. A bad neighbor, seeing what he did, struck him. The Christian did not strike back or say one word. That surprised the bad man, and it made him feel sorry. "Why," he said, putting his hand in his pocket, "I struck you for no reason, and you do n't strike back. Take this money and buy *me* a book, for I want to learn to read in a book which will give me a spirit like what you have."

A HAPPY NEW-YEAR TO THEE.

Words and music by Rev. A. A. Graley.


1. A hap-py New-year to thee, fa-ther, a hap-py New-year to thee! Oh, could I thy por-tion ap-
2. A hap-py New-year to thee, mother, a hap-py New-year to thee! I think of thy toils and thy
point, father, How blessed that portion should be. Thy pathway I'd strew with bright flow'rs, father, And
tears, mother, And moved by love's el-o-quent plea, My stud-y shall dai-ly be this, mother, To
wing every moment with joy; No sorrow should ruffle thy brow, father, No cankering care should annoy.
lessen the tears that may start; To lighten the toils that oppress, mother, And kindle the joy of the heart.

3. A happy New-year to thee, brother,
  A happy New-year to thee;
The future is closed to the eye, brother,
  And we will not wish for the key;
But joy shall be blended with joy, brother,
  If smoothly we glide through the year;
If walking the valley of grief, brother,
  Then tear shall be mingled with tear.

4. A happy New-year to thee, sister,
  A happy New-year to thee;
May grief never dim the bright eye, sister,
  That beams with affection for me;
Through sunshine and showers of the past, sister,
  Our hearts and our homes have been one;
And love burning bright to the last, sister,
  Shall garnish the hours as they run.

How beautiful is a meek and lowly spirit. In the sight of God it is of "great price."

The Child's Paper.—"I have an irresistible impulse to write a few words of Christian encouragement to The Child's Paper. Not only my children, but myself, are its constant readers. Its monthly perusal is always pleasant and entertaining. The children always welcome it with glad shouts. The Child's Paper is a great blessing. No Christian parents should neglect to supply their children with it. Its gentle teachings and interesting stories lead many children under my observation to imitate the good examples here set before them. They are kept from many evils, and learn to love the Saviour. R. P. S."

"St. Lawrence Co., N. Y."

Lying is like letting water through a bank. When it once begins to run, there is no telling where it will stop.

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CANADA EAST AND WEST

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